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Three Excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. The MAID going to ſell her BARLEY.

II. The THISTLE and ROSE.

III. WOMAN is a TRIFLE.

Entered according to Order.

The MAID going to ſell her Barley.

Tune. *Up i' the Morning early.*

CAuld and raw the North did blaw,
Bleak in the morning early;
A' the fields were hid with ſnaw,
cover'd with winter yearly;
As I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a farmer's daughter,
With roſey cheeks and bonny brow;
good faith my mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my bonnet low,
meaning to ſhew my breeding;
She return'd a graceful bow,
her viſage far exceeding.
I aſk'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,
and long'd to hold a parley;
She told me to the next market town,
on purpoſe to ſell her barley.

In this purſe, ſweet ſoul, ſaid I,
twenty pounds lie fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
for Iſe take a' thy barley: (light,
Twenty pounds more ſhall purchaſe de-
thy perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wilt lig with me all night,
and gang hame in the morning early.

If forty pounds would buy the globe,
this thing I would not do, Sir;
Or, were my friends as poor as Job,
I'd never raiſe them ſo, Sir: (friend,
For, ſhould you prove one night my
we's get a young kid together,
And you'd be gone ere nine months end,
then where ſhould I find the father?

Pray, what would then my parents ſay,
if I would be ſo ſilly,
To give my maiden-head away,
and loſe my true love Billy?
Oh! this would bring me to diſgrace,
and therefore, I ſay you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
firſt marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her, I had wedded been
fourteen years and longer;
Elſe I'd chuſe her for my queen,
and tie the knot ſtill ſtronger:
She bid me then no farther come,
but manage my wedlock fairly; (home,
And keep my purſe for poor ſpouſe at
for ſome other ſhould buy her barley.

Then, as ſwift as any roe,
ſhe rode away and left me;
After her I could not g
of joy ſhe quite berei me;

Thus I myſelf did diſappoint,
for ſhe did leave me fairly;
One word knock'd all things out of joint,
I loſt both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
ſome twa or three hours after,
Then I chanc'd to meet again
this bonny farmer's daughter.
Altho' it was both raw and cold,
I ſtaid to hold a parley,
And ſhew'd once more my purſe of gold,
when as ſhe had ſold her barley.

Love, ſaid I, pray do not frown,
but let us change embraces;
I'll buy thee a fine ſilken gown,
with ribbons, gloves, and laces:
A ring and bodkin, muff, and fan,
no lady ſhall have neater;
For, as I am an honeſt man,
I ne'er ſaw a ſweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,
and ſaid, My deareſt jewel,
Why ſhouldſt thou thus diſputing ſtand?
I pr'ythee be not cruel.
She found my mind was fully bent,
to pleaſe my fond deſire,
Therefore ſhe ſeemed to conſent,
but I wiſh I'd ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, What ſhall I do,
if I commit this evil,
And yield myſelf in love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
and likewiſe gold and treaſure;
Oh! let me firſt enjoy thoſe things,
and then you ſhall have your pleaſure.

Sure thy will ſhall be obey'd,
ſaid I, my own dear honey;
Then into her lap I quickly laid
full forty pounds in money,
We'll to the market town this day,
and ſtraightway end the quarrel,
And deck thee like a lady gay,
in flouriſhing rich apparel.

All my gold and ſilver there,
to her I did deliver;
On the road we did repair,
till we came unto a river,
Whoſe waters were both deep and wide;
ſuch rivers I ne'er ſaw many:
She leapt her mare on t'other ſide,
and left me not one penny.

Then my heart was ſunk full low,
with grief and care ſurrounded;
After her I could not go,
for fear of being drowned:

She turn'd about, and ſaid, Behold!
I'm not at your devotion;
But, Sir, I thank you for your gold,
'Twill help to enlarge my portion.

I began to ſtamp and ſtare,
to ſee what ſhe had acted;
With my hands I tore my hair,
like one that was diſtracted.
Give me my money then, I cry'd,
good faith I did but lend it;
But ſhe full faſt away did ride,
and vow'd ſhe did not intend it.

The THISTLE and ROSE.

IT was in old times,
When trees compos'd rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow;
It was in a field,
Which various did yield,
A Roſe and a * Thiſtle did grow.
It was in a field, &c.

In a ſun-ſhining day,
The Roſe chanced to ſay,
Friend Thiſtle, I'll be with you plain,
And if you would be
United to me,
You would ne'er be a * Thiſtle again.
And if you would be, &c.

Says the Thiſtle, My fears
Defends mortals and fears,
Whilſt thou'rt unguarded on the plain;
And I do ſuppoſe,
Tho' I were a Roſe,
I wou'd long to be a * Thiſtle again.
And I do ſuppoſe, &c.

O Friend, ſays the Roſe,
You falſely ſuppoſe,
Bear witneſs ye Flowers of the plain;
You wou'd take ſo much pleaſure,
In beauty's vaſt treaſure,
You wou'd ne'er be a * Thiſtle again.
You wou'd take, &c.

The Thiſtle at length,
Admiring the Roſe,
With all the gay Flowers of the plain,
She throws off her points,
Herſelf ſhe anoints,
And now in cloſe Union ſhe's gone.
She throws off her points, &c.

But in a cold ſtormy day
While heedleſs ſhe lay,
No longer could ſorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan,
With many Oh--on!
O were I a * Thiſtle again!
She fetch'd a deep groan, &c.

But now I'm the mock
Of Flora's fair flock,
Nor dare I preſume to complain;
But remember that I
Diſaſterly cry,
O were I a * Thiſtle again!
But remember that I, &c.

WOMAN is a TRIFLE.

WOman, thoughtleſs, giddy creature;
laughing, idle flutt'ring thing!
Moſt fantaſtic work of nature,
Still, like Fancy, on the wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing paſſion,
loving, hating, in extream;
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh faſhion,
and, at beſt, a pleaſing dream.

Lovely triſle! dear deluſion!
conqu'ring weakneſs! wiſh'd for pain!
Man's chief glory, and confuſion,
of all vanities moſt vain.

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Thus deriding beauty's power,
Bevil call'd it all a cheat;
But in leſs than half an hour,
kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

FINIS.